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## LODGE MEETING.

**A. Y. M.**  
HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.

Meets third Monday night in each month.  
JOHN P. TRACY, W. M.  
SAM E. HILL, Secy.

## R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.

Meets second Monday night in each month.  
M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P.  
Comp. M. WEINSTEIN, Secy.

## I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 158.

Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evenings in each month. The first meeting is cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.  
L. BARRETT, N. G. W. M. PHIPPS, Secy.  
B. P. BARNETT, D. D. G. M.

## I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE NO. 12.

Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.  
J. BARRETT, W. C. T.  
CLAUDE J. YAGER, W. Secy.  
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# THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD. THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., JANUARY 10, 1877.

NO. 1.

## HARTFORD HERALD.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY  
JOHN P. BARRETT, Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription:  
One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance.

## Laws Relating to Newspaper Subscriptions.

Men and Arrangements.

In response to a request, we give the law as it stands relating to newspapers and subscribers:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. Any person who receives a newspaper and makes use of it, whether he has ordered it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

6. If subscribers pay in advance, they are bound to give notice to the publisher, at the end of their time, if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on, and the subscriber is responsible until express notice with payment of all arrears is sent to pay.

## TWENTY YEARS TO-NIGHT.

BY ROSE.

The wintry day has closed and the long hours of night, dead on. The wind around the house is raging furiously, and its keen blast shakes angrily, the branches of the pines, and that stand about our home, making a weird and mournful melody. The glimmering stars are thickly veiled in the dark blue sky.

And the young moon, looks coldly beautiful. How bright the contrast, in our curtained home.

I lay aside my book, and look around. First upon mother, in her easy chair. In the warm corner. O'er her placid face the thin fine hair, by eighty winter's frost is white as snow, and the old cap rests there as on a baby thing. She's knitting now a stocking, warm and long, for the fair boy who with his little blue toes, the trigger small.

To suit his little feet, she's knitting now a pair of slippers, warm and long, for the fair boy who with his little blue toes, the trigger small.

With the knitting, she's knitting now a pair of slippers, warm and long, for the fair boy who with his little blue toes, the trigger small.

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## Extract From a California Letter.

RED BLUFF, Cal., 1876.

Editor Herald:

The climate of California, I believe, is unequalled. There is no malaria, and the air is the lightest, purest, clearest and most life-inspiring in the world. The air is dry one can sleep out on the ground without taking cold; and then the scenery is so beautiful. The extreme hot weather is always tempered by refreshing breezes, and the nights and mornings are always pleasantly cool even in mid-summer. I am really charmed with the appearance of California and its climate, but the society is not so good as in Kentucky. It is composed of Americans, Spaniards, Portuguese, Italians and French, yet I find some very nice people, and all seem to be kind, hospitable, and very accommodating. They are not so cultivated and refined as in Kentucky, but better than I had expected to find them. Society is improving very fast and some of the people are ambitious and aspiring. Red Bluff, is a flourishing little city, with a population of about 4,000, and broad streets regularly laid off. The public buildings are of brick, principally, and the residences are of wood, a few are built of cobble stone, which is very pretty and singular in appearance.

The orange, fig, almond and palm, flourish here, and the grape, too, is cultivated here very extensively.

The city is lighted with gas, has water works and is supplied with water from the Sacramento river. There are many wells of pure cold water besides and it is considered one of the most healthful places in the State. There is a bank, theatre, fine court house, jail, several churches, school buildings and two newspapers. Some of the buildings are half concealed by the semi-tropical trees and the rich old ivy that grows in luxuriance. Oh, the beautiful, beautiful flowers. If I was only good at pen painting, I'd send you a glorious picture of it as I gaze upon it this morning.

The Coast-range mountains form the background, they have a dark purplish appearance from the foliage of the trees and shrubs that cover them—here and there rises a tall peak, whose snowy summit rests like a fleecy cloud against the blue sky—wide extended plains dotted with groves of evergreens, live oak and manzanita, through which winds the Sacramento river like a silver ribbon, its clear crystal water sparkling in the sunlight—yarns, gardens and fields, with the loveliest flowers and shrubbery—tall oleander trees, white and red, where rich blossoms cover the whole top—large rose trees bending under the weight of the creamy, white and soft pink tea-roses, from which the sweetest fragrance comes pulsing up.

The mountains are so enormous and grand and the scenery baffles description. There's Mount Shasta, many thousand feet above the level of the sea, and covered in snow the year round. It shows volcanic eruption, for its top is hollowed out like a basin and filled with snow from seventeen to twenty feet deep and right in the center is a miniature lake of pure clear water from the melting snow. I have visited several ranches and have just returned from Mr. Cohens Ranch. They cut ten thousand acres of wheat this year. It was sowed up in sacks and strewn along the railroad track without a covering as there is never any fear of rain here in summer or early fall. The machinery was a great curiosity to me and to describe it would be too tedious. The heads are taken off and the straw left standing and it is wonderful how rapidly the work is done.

This is a very rich country its resources are wool, a million, wheat, a million or more, lumber, a million and a half and cattle a million.

The lumber is brought down from the mountains in a flume and shipped from this place.

Nothing but gold and silver is used here and ten cents is the smallest coin in circulation. The winter and fall are the most delightful of all the year.

H. P. E.

The letter from which the foregoing extract was taken, was received in the fall of 1876, but was mislaid and not found until recently. It is too good to lose, and hence we publish it, although a few months out of date. [Ed. H. A.]

Justice is to give every man his

own

benefit of being knocked

about.—It is a good thing for a young man to be "knocked about in the world although his soft-hearted parents may not think so. All youths, or if not all certainly nineteen-twentieths of the sum total enter life with a surplusage of self conceit. The sooner the better. If in measuring themselves with wiser and older men than themselves, they discover that it is unwarranted, and get rid of it gracefully of their own accord, well and good; if not, it is desirable for their own sakes that it should be knocked out of them.

A boy who is sent to a large school soon finds his level: He will have been paramount at home; but school-boys are Democratic in their ideas, and if arrogant, he is sure to be thrashed into a recognition of the golden rule. The world is a great public school, and it soon teaches a new pupil his proper place. If he has the attributes that belong to a leader, he will be installed into the position of a leader; if not, whatever his opinion of his abilities he will be compelled to fall back into the rank and file.—If not destined to greatness, the next best thing to which he can aspire is respectability; but no man can be truly respectable who is vain, pompous, and overbearing.

By the time the novice has found his legitimate social position, he the same high or low, the probability is the same disagreeable traits of his character will be softened down and worn away.—Most likely the process of abrasion will be rough—perhaps very rough—but when it is all over, and he begins to see himself as others see him, and not as reflected in the mirror of self-conceit, he will be thankful that he has run the gauntlet, and arrived through by a rough road to knowledge.

Upon the whole, whatever loving mothers may think to the contrary, it is a good thing for youths to be knocked about in the world. It makes men of them.

## Dining Comfortably.

Most people are aware, even without any scientific knowledge, that the mind has a most direct influence on the stomach, that the stomach reacts upon the mind, and that the two linked mysteriously together, act and react one upon the other with unfailing certainty. Digestion thus obviously to a great extent will depend on the state of mind in which we sit down to a meal. It is not sufficient always merely to set the bread-winner, down to a good dinner. If he has been hard at work, battling during the day with the perplexities and difficulties inseparable from daily life, in whatever calling, his meal, if it is to do him all the good it should, must be a cheerful one; and it is as much a part of a loving wife's duty to meet him with smiles and pleasant words as it is to give him his soup and his meat cooked to a turn. Nay, although disappointment in the quality of the viands—a tough steak, a tepid sole—will check much more than is thought the process of digestion, even when spirits are good and appetite keen, it will not be so prejudicial to the beautiful assimilation of food as will be delicious tales of domestic cares or the announcement of bad news. Whatever trials and sorrows have to be faced, dinner time and the time immediately succeeding it is not the time to grapple with them, or dwell upon the means by which they are to be surmounted. Again, highly animated discussions, lapsing often into virulent arguments are distinctly prejudicial at meal time; for temper, if ruffled, will retard digestion as fatally as damped spirits will. In a word, there is no byway to health more directly useful and generally worth sticking to than by which we can have our meals in peace and comfort, if not in absolute gaiety.—Tinsley's Magazine.

We find the following going the rounds credited to the Kansas Farmer.—The man who doesn't read is always prating about how things "used to be." He is a knowing fellow, full of worn-out truisms. He is a rich and inexhaustible mine for every sharper who travels on his wits, selling poor clothes at high prices, or an expired patent right. The man who doesn't read has a very large disgust for "new-fangled things," and believes in his children getting along as he did, and bows that he never went to school but two quarters. We like this sort of men; there ought to be one in every

## community, just for the benefit they

are as an example for the parents who do believe they owe something more to their families and themselves, than to be mere dull, brutal machines. The man who doesn't read usually has a mission—it is to grow corn and pork and pay taxes, or work through the week at his bench or forge as a machine. His home is a place to eat and sleep, his life a round of drudgery, a struggle only for bread and butter. The man who does not read, falls behind the age in which he lives; drops into the narrow groove of his personal observation, and declares the progress around him to be departures from the virtues and goodness of by-gone times. Every day has a superstitious sign, every change of the moon—every sudden variation of the weather—fills him with prophecy which bodes everybody ill luck. The man who does not read misjudges the common natural laws of matter; the easily explained changes of vegetable and animal life are subjects for superstitious dread and trouble. The great progress of the world in literature, science and art, the news of the day at home and abroad, are blanks to the man who does not read.

## A Charmer.

We passed her on the street this morning. It would have done your heart good to have seen her. She was a bewitching little mourner—a mass of crape and heavy jet ornament. She was just putting one slender foot daintily upon the step, preparatory to alighting from the carriage of her late husband, and her soft dark eyes fringed in dark lashes, were turned upon the passer-by, forming a beautiful contrast to the cream-white cheeks and pale brow. No suspicion of frowns marred her forehead, but her raven hair, was parted smoothly back, and waved behind her shell-like ear—all simplicity and deepest grief. A widow's cap, a pretty bit of illusion and net run like a wreath around her bonnet, and a long, deep-hemmed veil crape descending to her feet, past her slim neck and the slim elegance of her waist, past ruffles and flounces and plaits, to the sleeping trail that floated upon the carriage seat behind her. The warm, bright flesh of her shoulders and arms gleamed through the thin grenade that enveloped them like a mist, and a single flower with white petals and jet stems, trembled upon her bosom. She hereof was a sorrow-stricken blossom, just lifting her head from the burden of sadness that weighed it down; but let young girls beware of such grief laden rivals, for, in a trial of skill or strength, they surely will be worsted.

## Thinks I to Myself.

[Franklin Patriot.]

When I see a man on the street talking politics all day, and his wife at home sewing for a living, with three or four little hungry children around her feet crying for bread, thinks I to myself, that man ought to be put on the "reform ticket."

When I see a man too poor to subscribe for his county paper; thinks I to myself, that man must have the dyspepsia.

When I see a young man refuse to marry because he cannot keep a wife in splendor, thinks I to myself, that young man has more pride than brains.

When I see a young lady reject the hand of an industrious young man because he is poor; thinks I to myself, that young woman may be the broken hearted wife of some dissipated spendthrift.

When I see a young lady whispering and giggling in church; thinks I to myself, that girl wants to marry.

When I see a man living above his income, thinks I to myself, that young man is getting in a condition to take the bankrupt law.

When I see a woman take more interest in her wardrobe than in her children; thinks I to myself, that mother is the grave digger of her own happiness, and the pall-bearer of her husband's love.

When I see a man using strong drink for his health; thinks I to myself, that man is unsound in mind as in body.

When I see a preacher who does not practice what he preaches; thinks I to myself, that preacher is like a sign board that tells the traveler how to go, but never goes itself.

ARTHUR.

## Successful Men.

Who are they? They are those who when boys, were compelled to work, either to help themselves or their parents, and who, when a little older, were under the stern necessity of doing more than their legitimate share of labor; who, as young men, had their wits sharpened by having to devise ways and means of making their time more available than it would be under ordinary circumstances. Hence, in reading the lives of eminent men who have greatly distinguished themselves, we find their youth passed in self-denials of food, sleep, rest, and recreation. They sat up late, rose early to the performance of imperative duties, doing by day light the work of one, and by night that of another. Said a banker of high integrity the other day, and who started in life without a shilling, "For years I was in my place of business at sunrise, and often did not leave it for fifteen or eighteen hours." Let not then, any youth be discouraged if he has to make his own living, or even to support a widowed mother or sick sister, or unfortunate relative; for this has been the road to eminence of many a proud name. This is the path which men have often trod—thorny enough at times, at others so beset with obstacles as to be almost impassable; but the way was cleared, sunshine came, success followed—then the glory and renown.

## The Wife.

Only let a woman be sure she is precious to her husband—not useful, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her cares and love are noted; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, her judgement respected in matters of which she is cognizant—in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in fulfillment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a well-spring of happiness. She will bear pain, toil, and anxiety, for her husband's love to her is a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow.

A house with love in it—and by love we mean love expressed in words and looks, and deeds, for we have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out—is to a house without love as a person to a machine; one is life, the other is mechanism. The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, a penetrating brightness, to which the former is an entire stranger.

The deep happiness of her heart shines out in her face. She gleams all over. She is airy and graceful, and welcoming and warm with her presence. She is full of devices and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and her family.

She has never done with the romance of poetry and life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is heaven and heaven is love."











# THE HERALD.

## Arrival and Departure of the Mails.

Eastern and Western Mails leave at 10 a. m. and arrive at 4 p. m. every day. Sulphur Springs, Fordville, Haynesville and Pellville leave every Thursday at 6 p. m. and arrive Saturday at 3 p. m. The Owensboro mail, via Beda, Buford, Pleasant Ridge and Masonville leaves on Tuesday and Friday at 7 a. m. and arrives Monday and Thursday at 6 p. m.

The Centertown mail arrives at 10 a. m., and departs at 11 a. m. Wednesday. C. J. LAWTON, Postmaster.

## Kind Words.

For the Herald.

Kind words fall upon the poor drooping heart like the gentle dew on the tender plant, refreshing its drooping tendrils and soothing its burning woes. Oh, who can tell the power of kind words. Long after they are uttered, they reverberate in the soul's inner chamber and sing low, sweet liquid strains that quell all the raging storms that may have previously existed. When the heart is sad and like a broken harp, the sweetest chords of pleasure are to vibrate, one little word of tenderness gushing in upon the soul, will sweep the long neglected chords and awaken the most pleasant strains. And, Oh! when borne down with the trials and troubles of life, we are ready to sink, fainting by the way; how like the cheering rays of sunshine do kind words come; they disperse the clouds, dispel the gloom and drive sorrow far away, at least for a time. They are vases of bright flowers in life's great desert or jewels in the heart, never to be forgotten, but will cheer by their memory and scatter sunbeams along the pathway of life.

## Friday America's Lucky Day.

There is a popular superstition against Friday as an unlucky day, and yet it is a somewhat noteworthy fact that, for Americans at least, it has been peculiarly fortunate. Here are some facts that the Chicago Times has been compiling on the subject, and the perusal of them will sustain the assertion that Americans should be rather inclined to honor the day than otherwise.

It was on Friday, the 3rd of August, 1492, that Columbus sailed from the harbor of Palos for the New World. It was on Friday, the 12th of October, 1492, that he first saw land, after sixty-five days of navigation.

It was on Friday, the 4th day of January, 1493, that he started on his return to Spain to announce to their Catholic Majesties the glorious result of their expedition, and on Friday, the 15th of March, 1493, that he disembarked in Audulusia. It was on Friday, the 13th of June, 1494; that he discovered the American Continent. On Friday March 5, 1494, Henry VII., of England, gave to John Cabot his dispatch for the voyage which resulted in the discovery of the Continent of North America.

On Friday, September 6, 1565, Mendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower first disembarked a few emigrants on American soil at Provincetown, and on Friday, December 25, 1620, finally landed at Plymouth Rock. It was on Friday, February 22, 1732, that George Washington was born.

It was on Friday, June 16, 1775, that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, and on Friday, October 7, 1777, that the surrender of Saratoga took place, which event decided France to give her aid to the Americans. The treason of Arnold was discovered on Friday. Yorktown surrendered on Friday, and on Friday, June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee read the Declaration of Independence to the Continental Congress.

It is strange that young men would sooner stroll about over the country after half a dozen hounds than sit still and study books. Kill your hounds, boys, burn your greasy deck, break your half-pint bottles, take your pants out of your boots, comb your hair straight, be virtuous if you want to be happy. Go to work, do something, turn a clod; he who has given the world a potato has not lived in vain. There are few roses scattered here and there, but you must get from among the thorns if you wish to find them. Don't depend upon what your ancestors did in the past that is gone. The eternal past is gone, you are to man your own boat, run your own machine.

"The man who cheats the printer Out of a single cent Will never reach the heavenly land Where 'M Elijah went."

## Antidote for Poison.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having over loaded the stomach, an instantaneous and very efficient remedy is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt, and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of water, warm or cold, and swallowing instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and, less there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg and sweet oil or butter, or lard, several spoonfuls, be swallowed immediately after vomiting; because these common articles nullify a larger number of virtuous poisons than any medicine in the shops.

**THE DIFFERENCE.**—Since Georgia has thrown off the domination of the carpet-baggers and negroes, she has constantly and rapidly advanced in material prosperity, and her bonds are now worth 91 cents on the dollar. South Carolina, on the other hand, under carpet-bagger and negro rule, has steadily grown poorer, and her bonds are now quoted at 80 per cent. discount, notwithstanding the fact that the taxes levied are so high as to almost amount to confiscation. Is it to be wondered at, that the tax payers of South Carolina have grown restive under their burdens? Or that Georgia shall roll up a tremendous majority for Tilden for President.

## Advertising People.

Says the Boston Post: "People who advertise are smarter than those who don't; better looking, too, nine times in ten. This is natural, if not logical. Advertising is an indication of intelligence, and intelligence is one of the leading elements of good looks. At all events the world believes in those who advertise, and it places its dollar in their pockets. Such are live people; and in these live days nobody wants anything to do with any but your live men and women. Our advice to every—except in matrimony—is to advertise. It is sure to return largely, increase your reputation as a business man, make hosts of friends, and adds to the number of shrewd and sensible people in the world, of which there has never been an overstock."

## Seven Deadly Sins and no Salvation.

1. Refusing to take a newspaper.
2. Taking newspaper and not paying for them.
3. Not advertising in the paper.
4. Smoking in and prying into the secrets of the sanctum.
5. Making the printing office a loafing place.
6. Reading manuscript in the compositor's hand.
7. Sending abusive letters to the editor.

For the first and second offences no absolution can be granted. The fourth is unpardonable. The balance, especially the seventh, dispensation can be obtained by special agreement.

## Do you take The Sunny South?

If not, send for it immediately. It is the universal favorite, and all Southerners are proud of it. Let a large club be raised without delay in this community. It is the only illustrated literary weekly in the South, and the press and people everywhere unite in pronouncing it the equal in every respect of any similar publication in America. The best literary talent of the whole country, North and South is writing for it, and it has something each week for all classes of readers. Its stories are superior in literary merit, and equal in thrilling interest, to those of any other paper, and its essays upon all subjects are from the best minds of the age.

In addition to thrilling new stories, a series of brilliant articles will soon begin on the CAMPAIGNS and BATTLES OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE, by COLONEL B. W. FROBEL, a distinguished military engineer of that army in all its trying times. These papers will explain to all the movements of General Johnston Hood and Sherman. Don't miss any of the numbers. They will read like a fascinating romance.

New and exciting stories are beginning every week or two.

State and local agents are being appointed everywhere, but let each community form a club at once and send for the paper. Having passed successfully through two of the hardest years we shall ever see, it now challenges the admiration and unlimited support of the people. The price is \$3 a year, but clubs of four and upwards get it for \$2.50. Address Jno H. SEALS, Atlanta, Ga.

We club it with the HARTFORD HERALD, and for \$4.00 you can secure your home paper and our great Southern literary journal, both of which everybody in this community should sustain.

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